



BURGOYNE.

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A POEM

WRITTEN FOR THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT SCHUYLERVILLE,

ON THE

17th of October, 1877,

OF

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

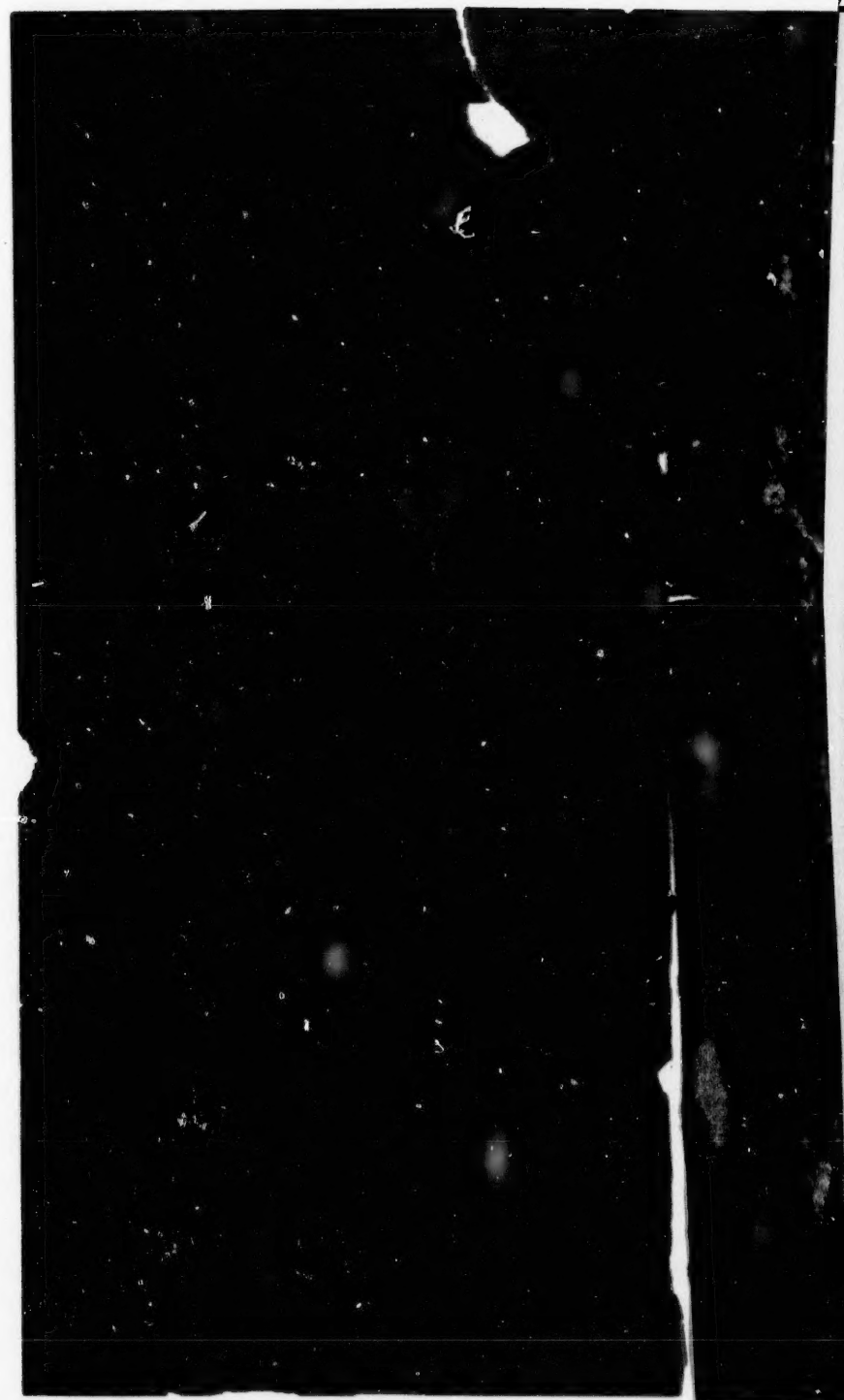
BY

ALFRED B. STREET.

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ALBANY:

WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY.  
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Mr. STREET was appointed by the "Saratoga Monument Association" the Poet of the late Centennial Celebration of the Surrender of Burgoyne. The Poem grew to such length that a portion only was delivered at the Celebration. The whole Poem is here given.





## BURGOYNE.

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WHEN fell Rome's fabric, dire the ruin wrought;  
With spectral twilight the whole earth was fraught;  
A few stars shone that twilight to illumine  
Where Superstition groped in Gothic gloom.  
To cloistral walls fled Learning in affright,  
Missals to blazon, mystic scrolls indite.  
What though breathed music in Provencal bowers,  
And Architecture wreathed its fadeless flowers;  
Built the dim church, with painted panes aglow,  
And arched the abbey on its pillars low;  
Though Painting, of all Nature's hues the heir,  
Enameled canvas into jewels rare;  
The loftiest virtues of the soul lay dead,  
Right, swordless, crouched to Wrong's crowned, conquering  
tread.

And though grand Freedom's essence never dies,  
It drooped, despairing, under despot-skies.  
If aught it asked, Darius like, the Throne,  
At its awed look, in wrathful lightnings shone.  
Its food the acorn and its home the cell,  
Its only light but showed its manacle;  
Until its eye, at throned Oppression's foot,  
Saw slavery's towering tree, its heart the root,  
Cast Upas shadow o'er one common grave,  
With naught but its own soul its life to save.



## BURGOYNE.

And then it rose ; up with one bound it sprung ;  
Thunder from a clear sky, its war-shout rung ;  
Out flashed its falchion with a sunburst wide,  
And wakened thousands sought its warrior side.  
As the mist streaming from some towering crag,  
It spread the blazon of its glittering flag ;  
In savage gorges which the vulture swept,  
In lonely caverns where the serpent crept,  
Close where the tumbling torrent hurled its spray,  
And shadowy cedars twined a twilight day,  
Clutching its sword and battling on its knee,  
Still Freedom fought ; and though the swelling sea  
Of cruel Wrong yet drove it, struggling, higher,  
It could not quench its pure, celestial fire ;  
From peak to peak it rose, until the height  
Showed it but heaven wherein to take its flight.  
Round flew its glance, it saw its myriad foes  
Following, still following, rising as it rose ;  
Following, still following ! was no refuge nigh ?  
Naught on the earth, and only in the sky ?  
Round flew its glance, it pierced beyond the wave !  
Ha ! the New World emerges ! — shall it save ?  
Hark, a wild cry ! — it is the eagle's scream !  
See, a broad light, the far league-conquering stream  
Linking all climates, where it reaching flows,  
Its head the snow-drift and its foot the rose.  
Mountains rise there that know no tread of Kings ;  
Blasts that waft liberty on chainless wings ;  
Lakes that hold skies, the swallow tries to cross ;  
Prairies, earth-oceans ; woods, a whirlwind's toss  
Would seem a puny streak ; and with one tongue  
All thundered "come !" the welkin, echoing, rung  
"Come !" and it went ; it took its Mayflower flight.  
Fierce raged the blast, cold billows hurled their might,

Winter frowned stern, he pierced to Freedom's heart;  
White spread the strand, and Hunger reared his dart;  
The tree-crouched panther met, by day, its sight,  
The wolf's eye starred the window-pane at night;  
Though Winter entered in its heart, he braced  
With strength its frame; its feet the forest traced,  
Despising hardship; by the torrent rocked  
Its bark canoe; the wild tornado shocked  
Way through the prostrate woods and, grazing, sent  
No dread, as by its roof the horror went;—  
From choice it climbed the dizzy cliff to glance  
Over its realm's magnificent expanse.

There the vast forest stood, the free, the green,  
The wild, a tangled, thronging, vaulted scene.  
In mantling emerald stretched its wavy floor  
Carpets of moss and vines rich spreading o'er;  
There, the white cohosh, furzy sumac, gems  
Of the wild allspice, grass and clover stems,  
And strawberry, the curious Indian pipe,  
The creeping pine that lays its fringy stripe  
Beside the running hemlock; higher stood  
Oak, beech and maple sprouts, a brotherhood  
Twin-leaved; the branchy fern and feathery brake;  
Still higher, the dense bushes wreathed, that make  
A sea waist-deep; the saplings higher still;  
Then loftier leaves that, one twined ceiling, fill  
The eye; and towering over all, the pine  
And hemlock, whose green crowns forever shine  
In light, or frown in gloom, and feel the breath  
Of every wind; white, motionless as death,  
The depths below; through this cleft roofing, pries  
The sunshine; vistas open where the skies  
Admit the grass to grow and bird to build,

The flowers to flourish and the sunlight gild.  
 Through ambush green the little mole-rill tells  
 Its burrowing by its purl along the dells;  
 Mounds in the soft, black mould proclaim the dens  
 Of woodchuck, fox and rabbit; ready fens  
 Bristle; vast swamps of laurel spread around  
 In pools where trees dead, spectral, stand; the ground  
 Sodden with wet, yields rank, green slime and moss  
 To old, black logs and branches fallen across;  
 In hideous contrast to the lovely green  
 And living things of the surrounding scene.  
 Here glance the graceful deer; the panther prowls;  
 The big, black bear jolts round; the gaunt wolf howls;  
 The small, red tribesmen of the woodland swarm,  
 Live their glad summer lives, and nestle warm  
 In their close winter haunts; the eagle claps  
 His pinion here; the famished vulture flaps  
 In searching flight; the pigeon of the wood  
 Colors the green with blue; her downy brood  
 The partridge hides at danger's sign; the quail  
 Chequers the vista's gold; its nightly wail  
 The whippoorwill repeats; till Autumn's sad  
 Katydid dirge proclaims that all things glad  
 Are leaving; then October's sunset glows  
 And Winter's twilight brings the choking snows.

Broadening the picture, here, grand rivers rolled  
 Grand mountains rose; and in their numbers bold,  
 Wild foemen thronged with tomahawk and knife  
 Ready to whelm in most unequal strife,  
 But what of these! a stalwart heart and arm  
 Freedom upbore, the danger owned a charm,  
 And in the forest with bold tread it trod  
 Waging the contest for itself and God.

And soon blithe harvests waved where forests frowned ;  
Roofs studded rivers ; and in gladdening sound  
The song of Peace and Industry arose,  
Where burst the war-whoops of unsparing foes ;  
And church-spires pointed where up towered the pine ;  
And Freedom planted sure its ever-living shrine.

Oh ! glorious Freedom ! grandest, brightest gift  
Kind heaven has given our souls to heavenward lift !  
Oh ! glorious Freedom ! are there hearts so low  
That its live flame finds there no answering glow ?  
It soars sublime beyond the patriot's love,  
Stattest that sways, save thought that dwells above !  
Slaves love their homes ; a patriot glad will die  
For native land, though she in chains may lie ;  
Noblest by far, the soul that loves to fall  
In the red front at Freedom's sacred call ;  
His heart right's shield, he braves the Despot's ban  
Not for himself to perish, but for man.

So when crowned Wrong made here his first advance,  
Flashed from our fathers, wrath's immediate glance ;—  
Freedom their life, the sceptre but essayed  
Attempt, to send their swift hand to their blade.  
Their serried front said " stay ! " their eyes " beware ! "  
" Rouse not the still prone panther from his lair ! "  
But vain the mandate, vain the warning spoke,  
The King strode onward and the land awoke.

Stately the sight, Recording History shows  
When the red walls of our Republic rose !  
Reared in deep woods, beneath a scarce-known sky,  
In puny strifes that hardly claimed the eye

Of lands still trembling with the thundering track  
Of Saxe and Marlborough ; where startling, back  
Russia's black Eagle had the Crescent hurled,  
Threatening so late to dominate the world.

In a grand age our Nation opened eye !  
A dazzling sunshine bathed the mental sky ;  
Voltaire his keen bright darts of wit still sent ;  
Rousseau his tender moonlight sentiment ;  
Napoleon's star was rising to absorb  
All space in grandeur of his fierce, wild orb ;  
Painting wore garland that Sir Joshua wreathed ;  
Promethean life Canova's marble breathed ;  
Cowper was shedding his soft gentle strains  
Over old England's rustic fields and lanes ;  
Burns, lyric lark ! whose nest was by the plow,  
Forming his song-pearls for his Scotia's brow ;  
At Garrick's art the Drama laughed and grieved ;  
In Dibdin's sailor-songs, pleased Ocean heaved ;  
Johnson was building up his pomp of words ;  
White hearkening speech from animals and birds ;  
Goldsmith had just, by death, from his resort  
Been freed, his picturesque, cracked, clothes-lined court ;  
Linnæus was yielding language mute to flowers ;  
Gibbon re-rearing Rome's majestic towers ;  
Herchel, with daring clutch, was making prize  
Of God's grand secrets in the startled skies ;  
Burke shedding round his rich auroral gleams ;  
Pitt weaving Britain in a web of schemes ;  
While Cook, his far away sea-bird wing unfurled,  
Searching Pacific's dim, mysterious world  
Weltering round isles where Fancy reared her throne,  
In scenes to Learning's utmost lore unknown.

Mid all this affluence of deed and thought  
With which this age of majesty was fraught,  
Two war-cries rung on a new nation's breath,  
This from the warm South, "Liberty or Death!"  
This from the cold North, both stern shouted thence,  
"Nothing for tribute, millions for defense!"  
Up sprung a Land with weapon bared for use,  
Like Pallas bounding from the brow of Zeus.

The Revolution, our Heroic Age!  
Its deeds, its times should every heart engage!  
Not in the mist of mythic doubt it lies;  
Its fingers touch us and it fills our eyes.  
The household antlers hold the musket yet  
Which rang at Concord;—that bent bayonet  
Glittered at Yorktown;—yea, but few years back,  
The grand-sire lingered who had seen the track  
Of famed Burgoyne a century ago,  
Who bowed his haughty head before his generous foe.

Yea, a Heroic Age! athwart the breast  
Of many a battle-field, its seal is prest;  
In woods, still sighs the pine for many a lost;  
Fields in thick waves, by many a grave is crost;  
Many the deeds that dear Tradition keeps;  
Many the heart with household fame that leaps;

The dead that perished! many and many a shrine  
Is strewed around where tenderest memories twine;  
In gloomy gorges where the eagle wheels,  
Under the storm-cliff where the thunder peals,  
In grassy dingles where the wild-bird sings,  
By the bright streamlet where the cowslip swings,  
In rocky glens where cascades whiten down,



In chasms where hemlocks cast eternal frown,  
In woods where wail the winds without a break,  
In lonely clearing and by sail-white lake,  
There sleep the brave; we reap the seed they sowed!  
Cherish their memories then, while memory holds abode.

On Concord green, the rustic king's arm woke;  
And Bunker donned his battle helm of smoke;  
Clubbing his musket, on he strode to where  
His footstep led him through the Lion's lair;  
The Union Flag, with crosses of St. George  
And Andrew, and the stripes in Freedom's forge  
Wrought like hot steel's white-crimson hues, appeared  
At Cambridge-camp, by Washington up-reared;  
(The crosses sign of our yet loyalty;  
The stripes significant we would be free);  
The foe was swept from Boston, but his tread  
Was o'er the Excelsior City's humbled head;  
Washington, printing Jersey with his blood,  
Fled from the foe; then o'er the icy flood  
Of Trenton sent the King his Christmas-dole  
Launched in fierce lightnings from his wrathful soul;  
And then his New-Year greeting, where the height  
Of Princeton gleamed in victory's gladdening light.

The Crown surveying thus the varying tide  
Of conquest, towering in its haughty pride,  
In close debate, at last its plan evolved,  
And on one final crushing blow resolved.

New England, east of the Excelsior State,  
In its stern hills and rocky vales, the great  
And teeming camp for freedom's battles, formed;  
West, the wild lakes with savage nations swarmed,

That struck the war-post for their sire, the King;  
Could Britain's arm, in one grand effort, swing  
A blow to cleave the Excelsior State beneath;  
New England's blade were powerless in its sheath;  
Their portals spread, the Great Lakes would outpour  
Their fierce red floods to overwhelm the region o'er,  
The struggling, hopeless South, then, part by part,  
Would yield, till freedom left the nation's heart.

Three threatening strands were woven by the Crown;  
One stretching up Champlain; one reaching down  
The Mohawk valley whose green depths retained  
Its Tory heart, Fort Stanwix scarce restrained;  
And one up Hudson's flood; the three to link  
Where stood Albania's gables by its brink.

Glance at the picture — ere we spread our wing —  
Of the grand battle whose famed deeds we sing!  
Here spreads Champlain with mountain skirted shore  
*Canadere Guarentie*, open door  
Of the fierce Iroquois to seek their foes  
In regions stretching from Canadian snows.  
West, in a purple dream of misty crag,  
The Adirondacks' wavy outlines drag;  
East, the Green Mountains, home of meadowy brooks,  
Of cross road hamlets, sylvan school-house nooks,  
Church-covered hills and lion-heated men  
Taught by the torrent tumbling down the glen,  
By the grand tempests sweeping around the cliff,  
By the wild waters tossing by their skiff  
Freedom, till freedom grew their very life  
And slavery with all earthly curses rife.  
Next, the dark Horican that mountain-vein,  
Bright islet-spangled tassel to Champlain;

The Highlands souled with Washington and grand  
With his high presence watching o'er the land:  
Thy heights, oh Bemis! green with woods yet white  
With flakes of tents, zigzag with works and bright  
With flags; while, in perspective, we discern  
Grouped round great Washington, with features stern  
In patriot care and doubt, the forms of Wayne  
Putnam and Green and all the shadowy train  
Of Congress, wrapt spectators from afar,  
Of where fierce Battle drove his flashing, thundering car.

As when some dream tumultuous fills the night  
With changeful scenes, and plunges past the sight  
In hazy shapes, and dark looks, till at last  
With all its weird, wild phantasm, it is past,  
So the broad picture as it melts away,  
And once more in our heart peals out the trumpet-lay.

A deep stern sound! the starting signal-roar!  
And up Champlain Burgoyne's great squadron bore.  
In front, his savage ally's bark canoes  
Flashing in all their bravery wild of hues;  
Their war-songs sounding and their paddles timed;  
Next the batteaux, their rude, square shapes sublimed  
With pennon, sword and bayonet, casting glow  
In penciled pictures on the plain below:  
Last, the grand ships, by queenly Mary led  
Where shines Burgoyne in pomp of gold and red;  
And then in line, St. George, Inflexible  
And radeau Thunderer, dancing on the swell  
The glad wind made; how stately shone the scene!  
June in the forests each side smiling green!  
The graceful chestnut's dark green dome was fraught  
With golden tassels; ivory, seeming brought

From winter lingering in the Indian Pass,  
Mantled the locust ; as in April grass  
Rich dandelions burn, the basswood showed  
Its bells of yellow ; while the dogwood glowed  
In a white helmet thickly plumed atop ;  
The earlier cherry let its sweet pearls drop  
With every breeze ; the hemlock smiled with edge  
Fringed in fresh emerald ; even the sword-like sedge,  
Sharp mid the snowy lily-goblets set  
In the nooked shallows like a spangled net,  
Was jeweled with brown bloom. By curving point  
Where glittering ripples umber sands anoint  
With foamy silver, by deep crescent bays  
Sleeping beneath their veil of drowsy haze,  
By watery coverts shimmering faint in film,  
Broad, rounded knolls one creamy, rosy realm  
Of laurel blossom with the kalmia-urns  
Dotted with red, the fleet, as sentient, turns  
The winding channel ; in tall towers of white  
The stately ships reflect the golden light  
Dazzling the lake ; the huge batteaux ply deep  
Their laboring, dashing pathway ; fronting, keep,  
With measured paddle-stabs, the light canoes  
Their gliding course ; the doe, upstarting, views  
And hides her fawn ; the panther marks the scene  
And bears her cubs within the thicket's screen ;  
The wolf lifts sharpened ear and forward foot ;  
Waddles the bear away with startled hoot  
As some sail sends a sudden flash of white  
In the cove's greenery, slow essaying flight  
The loon rears, flapping, its checked, grazing wings,  
Till up it struggling flies and downward flings  
Its Indian whoop ; the bluebird's sapphire hue  
Kindles the shade ; the pigeon's softer blue

Breaks, swarming, out ; the robin's warble swells  
In crumply cadence from the skirting dells ;  
And restless rings the bobolink's bubbly note  
From the clear bell that tinkles in his throat.  
Thus stately, cheerily moves the thronging fleet !  
On the lake's steel the blazing sunbeams beat ;  
But now a blast comes blustering from a gorge ;  
The white caps dance ; it bends the tall St. George  
And even the Thunderer tosses ; the array  
Breaks up ; canoe, bateau, grope doubtful way  
Through the dim air ; in spectral white, each sail  
Glances and shivers in the whistling gale ;  
All the green paintings of point, bank and tree  
Vanish in black and white, and all but see  
A close horizon where near islands lose  
Their shapes, and distant ranks of forest fuse  
Into a mass ; at length the blast flies off  
Shallows stop rattling, and the hollow cough  
Of surges into caves makes gradual cease  
Till on, the squadron glides, once more in sunny peace.

So in some blue-gold day white clouds up-float  
In shining throng, and next are dashed remote  
By a fierce wind, then join in peace again  
And smoothly winnow o'er the heavenly plain ;  
Or so some fleet of wild fowl on the lake,  
Dipping and preening, quiet journey take,  
Till the sky drops an eagle circling low  
For the straight plunge ; wild scattering to and fro  
They seek the shed of bank, the cave of plants,  
Tunnel of stream, wherever lurk their haunts,  
Until the baffled eagle seeks again  
His sky, and safety holds, once more, its reign.

When lay Champlain in eve's gold-plated glass  
And rich, black pictures etched the glowing grass,  
The crews debarked ; their camp-fires round would rear  
And hang their kettles for their nightly cheer ;  
Then rose the tents, like mushrooms, to the moon ;  
Swords would be edged and muskets polished ; soon  
Slumber would fan its wings, and in the bright  
Soft, delicate peace, would croon the Summer Night.

Then the gray day-dawn through the leaves would look ;  
Red coats would gleam in every emerald nook  
And weapons glitter ; as the mist would crawl  
From the smooth lake and up the forest wall,  
Sails would shine out and blottings of canoe  
Blent with bateau would thicken on the view ;  
Rings of dead ashes, prostrate trees half burned,  
Trunks into black Egyptian marble turned  
Where curling fires had scorched the streaky moss,  
Roofs of dead leaves where branches stooped across  
And soil burned black and smoking still, would show  
Where through the night had shone the camp-fire glow :  
Limbs drooping loose and logs with gaping cuts  
Where the brigade had reared their bushy huts ;  
A deer's head on a stump, a bear-skin cast  
Beneath, where late the redman held repast ;  
The drum's beat then would sound, and shrilly fife ;  
Dingle and aisle would flash with martial life ;  
Once more the fleet would start, and up its way  
Take as the whole scene brightened into day.

On Lady Mary's deck Burgoyne would stand  
Drinking the sights and sounds at either hand  
Replete with beauty to his poet-heart ;  
Laughing to scorn man's paltry works of Art.



The grassy vista with its grazin' deer ;  
The lone loon oaring on its shy career ;  
The withered pine-tree with its fish-hawk nest ;  
The eagle-eyrie on some craggy crest ;  
The rich white lilies that wide shallows told ;  
Their yellow sisters with their globes of gold  
At the stream's mouth ; the ever changeful Lake ;  
Here, a green gleaming, there, a shadowy rake  
Of scudding air-breath ; here, a dazzling flash  
Searing the eyeball ; there, a sudden dash  
Of purple from some cloud ; a streak of white  
The wake of some scared duck avoiding sight ;  
The dogwood plumed with many a pearly gem,  
Was a bright queen with her rich diadem ;  
An oak with some crooked branch up pointing grand,  
A monarch with his sceptre in his hand ;  
A rounded root a prostrate pine-tree rears  
A slumbering giant's mighty shield appears ;  
A long-drawn streak of cloud with pendent swell  
Of hill, a beam with its suspended bell ;  
In some gray ledge, high lifted up, he sees  
An ancient castle looking from its trees ;  
Some mountain's rugged outline shows the trace  
Of the odd profile of the human face ;  
A slender point tipped with its drinking deer  
Seems to his soldier eye a prostrate spear ;  
In the near partridge-pinion's rolling hum,  
He hears, with smiles, the beating of the drum ;  
And in the thresher's tones with music rife,  
The stirring flourish of the whistling fife ;  
And thus his fancy roams, till twilight draws  
Around the fading scene its silver gauze.

A golden, lazy summer afternoon !  
The air is fragrant with the scents of June

Wintergreen, sassafras and juniper,  
Rich birch-breath, pungent mint and spicy fir  
And resinous cedar ; on Carillon's walls  
The sentry paces where the cool shadow falls ;  
His comrad sits, his musket on his knee,  
Watching the speckling gnats convulsively  
Stiching the clear dark air that films some nook.  
He hears the dashing of the Horican brook  
Loud at the West — that curved and slender chain  
By which the Tassel hangs upon Champlain —  
It chimes within his ear like silver bells,  
And the sweet jangling only quiet tell ;  
In front he sees the long and leafy points  
Curving the waters into elbow-joints  
Of Bays ; a crest beyond the old French Lines,  
Domes the flat woods ; east, opposite, inclines  
Mount Independence, its sloped summit crowned  
With its star-fort, with battery breast-plate bound,  
The floating bridge between, the massive boom  
And chain in front, and in the rearward room  
A group of patriot craft ; and sweeping thence  
The forest landscape's green magnificence.  
Southward the Lake a narrowed river bends  
With one proud summit where the brook suspends  
Horican's tassel to King Corlaer's crown,  
Close to Carillon's dark embattled frown.

Sunset its arrows through the fortress shot ;  
In velvet softness shone the warlike spot ;  
Gold filled embrasures, walls in rich array  
Stretched betwixt bastions ; shadows crawled away  
To nooks and angles, or slept cool and dark  
Within the ball-coned corners ; many a spark  
The cannon glanced, their grim mouths bright in sheen,  
With muskets yoked to pyramids between.

A group of soldiers, where the wall looked North,  
Stood by a cannon ; one was stretching forth  
A deer-skin pouch of bullets ; with quick snap  
One tried his lock ; a third was in his cap  
Fastening a medal stamped in brass ; two more  
Were glancing downward on the curving shore.  
A coat of butternut swathed one, patched, worn,  
And striped with bullet pouch and powder horn ;  
A white slouched hat stooped sidewise on his head  
Plumed with a sable feather tipped in red.  
The next a coarse gray jacket wore with black  
On cuff and collar, braided breast and back  
In sable cord ; with cap of leathern gloss  
A brazen plate in front, which in a cross  
A sword and trumpet showed, a swallow-tailed  
Artillery coat of blue, with skirts that trailed  
Near to the foot, darned neat, and newly vamped,  
With rows of big brass buttons deeply stamped  
With the spread eagle, front, cuff, collar, bright  
In gold-laced red, a black chapeau pinched tight  
At either end, a fourth displayed ; a fringed  
Green hunting-shirt, in portions frayed and tinged  
With brown, a flapped, red hat upon his brow  
Disclosed a fifth ; as he had left the plow,  
The next showed coarse white sleeves, and, oddest sight !  
A bear-skin helmet of preposterous height  
And weight, surmounting brows that scarce sixteen  
Fresh summers had smoothed over with their sheen.

All weapons wore ; a kings-arm, one, of weight ;  
A rifle one ; a sword, that seemed in date,  
A century, one ; the next, a bayonet ground  
To keenest edge ; a sickle which had found  
A hickory handle, held the fifth ; the last

Owned the steel-pointed spear beside him cast.  
 Sudden one starts! around the northward curve,  
 Turrets of white, in stately motion, swerve,  
 With blocks, like giant beetles, stretched in rank,  
 Canoes, batteaux and boats; and either bank  
 In gleam and flash with moving spots of red,  
 Telling the coming foe's landward tread;  
 While hovering in the front, like ducks, in nooks  
 Of the bent banks and coves of entering brooks,  
 In the wreathed lily shallows, mid the drift  
 Of brush-wood bays, white rapids shooting swift,  
 Or threading some low brink's impending arch,  
 The patriot watch-boats warn the approaching march;  
 The flashing shores, the moving fleet between,  
 Making a picture of the sunset scene.

Through roused Carillon quick the story flies;  
 Guns change to groups and loopholes stare with eyes.  
 Up glides the flag, defiant shouts outbreak;  
 Soon would Burgoyne his backward pathway take!  
 Swift will Carillon's thunder hurl his doom  
 Even ere he splintered on the barrier-beam!  
 Ah false belief! ah mocking cheer! but stay!  
 Let sad experience the fell truth display!

Twilight creeps grayly forth; the French Lines Crest  
 And Sugar Loaf in dreamy blue are drest.  
 Glimmers the Lake; the sails, in dusky white,  
 Seem ghosts half merged within the pallid light;  
 Peace with her soft, warm stars, breathes o'er, till soon  
 Rosy and roundly lifts the whitening moon.

A silver painting now the scene displays;  
 The forests glitter and the waters blaze;

Carillon's black is turned to tender white  
Where the moon enters with transforming light ;  
Bastions are sleeked, grim curtains smoothed, and loops  
Dart streaks of pearl o'er ball and musket-groups ;  
The hostile sails are brightened into snow ;  
The woods seem slumbering in the mantling glow ;  
The French Lines summit surges on the sky ;  
Peaceful and soft and quite to the eye  
Looks towering Sugar Loaf ! could Carillon's sight  
Have pierced the distance, what a shuddering fright  
Had seized his heart ! there, struggling groups of men  
Clambered rough rocks ; the torrent of the glen  
Sprinkled strained ropes that lifted cannon up  
From tree to tree ; the hollow's ferny cup,  
The cavern's lichen'd ledge, the panther's lair,  
The wolf's close haunt, the chamber of the bear,  
Felt trampling throngs all fighting toward the top ;  
The moonlight mountain, as they climbed, let drop  
Its varied sounds ; its ear had never before  
Hearkened such tumult ; thus the night hours bore  
The chequered pictures to the tints that make  
Day-break cartoons of forest and of lake.

The scene now glimmers with the frescoes drawn  
By the gray pencil of the rising dawn ;  
Then the white pictures painted by the mist ;  
Then the east's rim by living radiance kissed ;  
Sugar Loaf glitters in the crimson hues ;  
Not those the glances that the moon diffuse !  
Like a dense curtain up the mist is rolled ;  
The Lake expands in point and headland ; bold  
The woods stand forth, the vessels whiten out ;  
And a fresh summer sunrise smiles about.  
Carillon gazes ; those rich tints now here

Now there, gleam brokenly and disappear ;  
Is that a banner-flash ? that brassy glow  
Cast by a cannon ? yes ! it is the foe !  
Carillon shudders ; there he naked stands  
His vain-drawn weapons useless in his hands ;  
Certain destruction threatens from on high ;  
Naught can avert, like lightning from the sky.

On the warm ledges of the mountain's crest  
Starred with blue harebells o'er the velvet breast  
Of fringy moss, the red-coat sentry sees,  
As sunset glitters through the goldened trees,  
Carillon quiet, with his sullen frown,  
Seeming in slumber ; Night with pearly crown  
Follows ; what glare bursts sudden forth ! the sheen  
Startles to fierce, wild, crimson life, the scene !  
It shows dark masses through the floating bridge  
Streaming where Independence rears its ridge,  
Streaming from bared Carillon ; on the Lake  
A fleet of patriot boats and galleys take  
Their upward path ; Mount Hope, the French Lines crest —  
Named by the foe to mark the joyous zest  
Its capture gave — sends Fraser, battle-famed,  
In quick pursuit ; while Mount Defiance — named  
From Sugar Loaf to show his scorn — yields too  
Its throngs exultant, eager to pursue.  
Within the eastward woods they plunged, in rear  
Of the retreating foe ; by moonlight clear  
And mottled gloom, the rough road led them on ; —  
O'er zigzag rails the elder blossoms shone  
Like silver lanterns ; on the banks, in spots  
The foxfire glared ; the yager over knots  
Of roots groped slow, his spatterdashes soaked  
In the fern's dew, his bayonet frequent yoked



With branches ; the chasseur's huge helmet now  
Cleaved the low leaves like some aerial plow,  
And now the grenadier of Barner crushed  
His sharp cap on some ledge as by he brushed.  
Dawn its gray glimmer through the gloom distils ;  
Then morning glitters on the Pittsford Hills.  
At Hubbardton the patriot foe makes pause,  
And Battle, for the first his falchion draws.  
But stay not Song thy fairy sandal here !  
Thy lyre is mute at whistle of the spear !  
Let but one cadence, brief and mournful, tell  
How Fraser triumphed and how Francis fell.  
While on, St. Clair through wilds, torn, bleeding, passed  
Until Fort Edward refuge gave at last.

Meanwhile, Burgoyne pursued the patriot fleet  
Up the curved narrowing Lake ; the glittering sheet  
Showed now their path, and now, where high banks wound,  
Hidden the way ; Morn flings her jewels round  
Where the lake's head sweeps, crescent-like, about,  
And Skenesboro' stands with store-house and redoubt ;  
Moored, there, the patriot-craft ; but soon War claims  
His horrid spoil ; the spot is wrapt in flames  
Waked by the patriots and Burgoyne ; at night  
Brave Long, with his Carillon force in flight,  
Threads a blind pathway tunnelled through the trees  
To where Wood Creek Fort Anne's earth-rampart sees.

All night, a stump or bush, along their road,  
Like a crouched savage lurking for them, showed.  
Or flashes of some hunter's camp-fire looked  
Like red-coats ; with a log, beside them nooked,  
Seeming a cannon to dispute their way ;  
So on they struggled till the rich moon's ray

Shrank in the rosy brilliancy of day.  
 Haste, likewise, from this spot, oh Song! thy lyre  
 Too frail for thunder-tones; the battle-fire  
 Makes its gold strings too hot for thy soft touch;  
 In the bright spear thou seest the wretched crutch  
 Of the maimed soldier; in the trumpet's twang  
 Thou hear'st the orphan's cry; yet if the clang  
 Of war could joy thee, well thy tones could ring  
 Here, where the Lion felt the Eagle's wing  
 Out keen and deep; but as thy tones expire,  
 Haste! scenes more grateful claim thy jewelled lyre.

Face to the foe brave Schuyler down retreats;  
 Fort Edward's ruined bastions now he greets;  
 His thin ranks thinning with the thickening days  
 Now Saratoga meets his longing gaze.  
 In vain! no refuge! on! till Mohawk's smile  
 Welcomes the wanderer to her safety-isle.

Days roll along; at length Burgoyne begins  
 His downward march, but progress brief he wins.  
 Schuyler, with prescient, patient toil, had wrought,  
 Till the wide pathway of the foe was caught  
 Within a web of levelled woods, of streams  
 Bridgeless, paths choked, tangles of broken beams,  
 Smooth avenues beckoning to quick-sand swamps,  
 All shackling every step; war's glittering pomps  
 Turned to a huddling, struggling, writhing mass  
 Striving with wild, convulsive strength, to pass.

Thus, the wroth region flings itself across  
 The invader's path; the pines and hemlocks toss  
 Their mighty arms, ask hoarse through windy leaves  
 "Why comes he here!" the towering windfall weaves

Its torturing net ; the bog its treacherous length  
Clutching the footstep, wearying down the strength,  
Spreading its Indian plumes in crimson glow  
As if to warn him of the blood to flow ;  
The streamlet, hid in nooks of sunken logs  
And marshy reeds, the ponderous cannon clogs ;  
Vainly the gallant Jones swift plies his scourge,  
His buried battery-wheels can scarce emerge ;  
The hoof of Fraser's stout grey warhorse sinks  
In flowery mire ; Riedesel's sabre clinks  
On the prone trunk his barb essays to scale ;  
Low boughs the flag, wrapped round its staff, assail ;  
Order was lost ; the sword of the chasseur  
Jostled the drum ; the trail the moccasin wore  
The musket widened to a path ; o'er hill  
Through vale, beside the little lyric rill,  
Over ravines by prostrate trees, they wend  
From morn till evening's blurring shades descend.

Here, zigzag breast-works, left so late, the print  
Of leaving feet shows fresh ; the crushed down mint  
There, telling where the gun was hauled away  
From the embrasure ; pickets in array  
With none to man them ; on, thus, on, they go,  
Weary with seeking a dissolving foe.

The Kingsbury marshes shine one blushing hue  
Of rarely absent Indian plumes ; in blue  
Of moose-heads, glow the streams ; warm mulberry tints  
Display the rushes in wet nooks ; a chintz  
Of lovely tinges in the glossy browns  
Of piny knolls their own hue nearly drowns  
In flowery dyes ; and in green dells is spilt  
A mass of color like a brindled quilt.

The running-hemlock's drops of ruddy wax,  
The hanging honeysuckle's streaky sacks,  
The yet scarce aster, and the golden rod  
Whose curling plume begins to light the sod,  
Kindle their path with all the wealth of flowers  
That Summer summons to her forest bowers.

At night, the camp-fire's mighty eyeballs glare  
In flashing rings; the trees around them stare;  
The grenadier's red coat shines one fixed blush;  
The Hessian's crimson cap takes livelier flush;  
Here, gleams a buckle; there, a feather-plate;  
A brazen clasp; in all his painted state  
The Indian stands and edges by the glow  
Anew his hatchet for the coming foe.

As on, Burgoyne — Fear flies before, around,  
With ear erect to catch the faintest sound,  
And eyes wild starting every sight to see;  
Is that a red-coat glancing from a tree?  
Or sunset's straggling beam? that sound, the tramp  
Of the approaching foe? the hunter's camp  
Cowers lonely in the woods; the settler's hut  
Has lost its latch-string, and its door is shut.  
The ambushed trap lurks baitless by the creek;  
The deer treads fearless to the pearly lick;  
The cattle-group have left the rubbing-tree,  
In far away coverts they roam wild and free;  
The ripened rye lies matted round the stumps;  
Through whitening buckwheat bold the rabbit jumps,  
Among the graining corn beneath the moon  
Nibbles, unmarked, the seated, shy raccoon;  
The back-log blackens where the kettle sung;  
The cat stalks ghostly where the clock-tones rung

To merry household groups; and dust pearls now  
 The fringed asparagus, whose mounded bough  
 Filled the wide hearth-stone; in the yard, the axe  
 Lies in the chips late showering from its hacks;  
 And the dry grindstone hangs its wheel of gray  
 Stirless; and but half-pitched, stands by its loft, the hay.

War's red romance now claims the sorrowing lyre!  
 Love's victim! let the trumpet-tones expire!  
 No dulcet strain beneath the moonlight sky;  
 The mournful cadence breathes but one long sigh.  
 Ah, hapless maiden! ah, poor Jennie McCrea!  
 The Wyandotte Panther grasps his hapless prey!  
 Ah, savage heart! he aims—she falls! the sweep  
 Of glorious tresses, black as midnight, heap  
 The wampum belt! ah, lovely, lovely head,  
 By the unsparing knife so foully shred!

But let the minstrel of the period tell  
 How that dark deed, that murder base, befell.  
 The mill his muse, its great throb beat the strain  
 Of the poetic measure in his brain;  
 Its gliding straps the lines in smoothness wrought;  
 Its hoppers, reservoirs of stirring thought;  
 The wheat wove golden pictures as it poured;  
 The tireless millwheel music as it roared;  
 And all the region round, with blended will,  
 Hailed as the minstrel, Robbie of the Mill.  
 This ruthless slaughter claimed his tuneful tongue,  
 Though shudderings shook his soul, and thus he sung:

List all you good people my sorrowful lay,  
 While I sing the sad doom of poor Jennie McCrea.

She waited her lover, her lover to join,  
As near came the forces of British Burgoyne.

He came, the fierce savage preceding his path  
As the cloud with the lightning red launching its wrath.

She waited her lover, instead of him came  
The Wyandotte Panther with eyeballs of flame.

He seized her, and bearing her up on his way,  
From her steed shot the maiden, poor Jennie McCrea!

Another fierce savage, as demon-like, shred  
The long glossy-locks from her beautiful head.

Weep, souls of soft pity! weep over this woe!  
Swear, hearts of stern vengeance! to strike back the blow!

Let us peal forth the shout, as we rush to the fray,  
The loud, wrathful war-shout of "Jennie McCrea!"

For as sure as God lives, will he deeply repay  
The dark, bloody deed of poor Jennie McCrea.

With soldier songs down treads the exultant foe,  
Down, with the region showing wild its woe.  
"Britons retreat not," boasts Burgoyne; and down,  
Still down, his buoyant march. Can fortune frown  
On such a host, rebellion foul to crush  
With courage burning, and with conquest flush?  
But, while he boasts thus, bright with fortune's sun,  
"Never despair," rings out from Washington.  
In his wild Highland "Clove" he fixes gaze  
With dauntless spirit, and the scene surveys.



As some grand eagle poising in the sky,  
Sees the wide prospect with unwavering eye ;  
Clouds roll around him, veiling all the light ;  
Yet through the darkness, penetrates his sight  
To where the sun is waiting forth to spring,  
And o'er all Nature gleams of gladness fling.  
So he, and on his heart, amid the storm,  
He upward bore the Nation's fainting form.

Turn we to other scenes ! In beauty bright  
The Mohawk Valley claims our wandering sight  
Veined by its river ; loveliest landscapes smiled  
On every side, the rural and the wild.  
Here, shone the field in billowy gold, and there,  
The shornless forest twined its leafy lair.  
Here, the red homestead weltering in its wheat ;  
There, the rude shanty in its green retreat ;  
Where the plow paused, the trapper hid his trap ;  
The kinebell mingled with the rifle's clap ;  
The league-long sable-line stretched on, where ceased  
The farm-lane with the frequent hay cart creased,  
The jutting, loop-holed block-house standing guard  
O'er the rude hamlet by its pickets barred.  
Along the river, poled the heaped bateau ;  
O'er the rough roads the wagon jolted slow ;  
And civilization reared her school-house, where  
The skin-clad hunter lately slew the bear.

At the green valley's head Fort Stanwix stood,  
Its bastions, half restored, ringed close with wood.  
Smooth meadows, southward to the Mohawk led  
North, De-o-wain-sta's mile-long portage spread  
To wild Wood Creek which linked beneath its screen  
With Lake Oneida's rich transparent green.

Opening that region where a fringe of lakes  
Hangs from a skirt of wilderness that makes  
A sylvan border to the southern flow  
Of the grand inland sea, Ontario ;  
Those watery pendants not disordered flung,  
But seeming as in measured spaces hung  
To ornament Ontario's emerald dress  
With tassels of pure, diamond loveliness.

A band of boats spots dark Oswego's breast ;  
St. Leger's corps, Fort Stanwix to invest ;  
Where foamed the Falls, they plunge within the woods  
In battle-order ; the wild solitudes  
Glitter with knife and musket ; massive boots  
Tear through the thickets, stumble over roots ;  
Here, the lithe Indian's light, elastic bound,  
There, the slow yager's tramp ; the Ranger found  
His old hacks on the trees when other days  
Saw him a trapper ; and the sylvan maze  
Welcomed the Royal Green whose erewhile tread.  
Tracked, as the hunter, where the runway led.  
Oneida shines between the stems ; again  
They launch their barks upon the grass-hued plain ;  
They fright the wild duck from her haunt, they rouse  
The fish-hawk from her pine-built nest ; they mouse  
Around some lurking bay ; they penetrate  
Tunnels of branches where the shores create  
Roofs of dim, watery caves ; when daylight fades,  
The Indians, tramping through the forest shades,  
Kindle their camp-fires like great panther-eyes,  
And dance their dances ; the flotilla plies  
Dabbling, still upward, till the boats they beach  
At the Creek's mouth, and soon Fort Stanwix reach,  
Where gallant Gansevoort and brave Willett stand,

To hurl defiance at the coming band.  
Gansevoort, the young, the gallant, with a soul  
That only knew bold duty for its goal.  
What though the walls were incomplete! behind  
Uptowered a heart no abject fear could bind!  
To the foe's threat his fort-made flag he reared,  
Sustained by patience, and by courage cheered;  
When came demand to yield, he calm replied  
With firm refusal, and the worst defied.

Down the green valley fly the tidings; swift  
The Germans spring; the living torrents drift  
To the Fort's aid; by day, the thronging trees  
Are freckled with quick glints; steel glitterings seize  
Upon the leaves and change them to white gems;  
By night the camp-fires dance along the stems,  
Turn green to ruddy gold, and black to red,  
Build crimson roofs and floors of carmine spread.  
Bold Herkimer has left, to lead the band,  
His hearth, half fortress and half house, to stand  
Defenseless on the Mohawk; many a roof  
A rustic manor-house, walls bullet proof,  
Stately in terraces and shrubbery,  
Old oaks, green walks to dingle, statued tree  
Eagle-shaped thicket, bushes carved to deer  
And wolf, and whose huge hearth glared red with cheer,  
Fragrant with woodland feasts, is left to breeze  
And sunshine and protecting walls of trees,  
While the roused dwellers march with Cox the brave,  
And Paris, their loved sylvan soil to save  
From the invader's tread; the farm-house, too,  
With broad piazza, dormer windows, hue  
Of red, and native poplars belted round,  
Whose leaves in hot days yield a cooling sound,

# A POEM.

31

With the vast barn of stone, a fort at need ;  
 And pastures where sleek cattle, frequent steed  
 And flock luxuriate, also sends its throngs  
 Wild to avenge the invaded region's wrongs  
 And smite the foe ; the hamlet, likewise, set  
 At grassy cross-roads, where the rude church met  
 The ruder Inn, in whose broad, straggling streets  
 Neighbor, with news of humblest import, meets  
 With neighbor, where the learned surveyor dwells  
 Who chains wild lots, and where the Justice spells  
 The law to litigants, the hunter claims  
 Bounty for wolf-scalps, fighting fallow-flames  
 The settlers strive with handspike and with axe,  
 Seeing their buckwheat-plats and meadow-stacks  
 Melting, sends freemen to drive back the foe,  
 Their sluggish bosoms warmed to patriot-glow.  
 And the lone dingle, where the shanty's shape  
 Juts from the windfall's orb — a jaw agape —  
 With pan and kettle under the propped lid  
 Of the rough bob-sled, where the spring is hid  
 By the sunk barrel, and on hemlock-fringe  
 The inmate sleeps, but up at daylight's tinge  
 For trap or runway, lone the shanty sees  
 As the wild dweller, groping by blazed trees,  
 Wades his dim way to join the patriot band  
 Summoned to drive the foeman from the land.  
 Together blent at last, the gallant throng  
 Down the rough road, unmindful, streams along ;  
 A hollow lies in front ; the patriots reach  
 Its causeway ; with a sudden burst and screech  
 Of rifle shots and warwhoops, savage forms  
 Rise from the marshy borders ; hissing storms  
 Of bullets rain upon the broken ranks  
 That strive to rally ; from the deadly banks

Blazes swift death ; the painted warriors dash  
Wild in the whirling midst ; knives, hatchets flash  
And foes mad throttle ; Indian, German, close  
In grapple ; Ranger, neighbor, meet as foes  
Bosom to bosom ; as speeds fierce the fray  
The Germans form in circles and repay  
Carnage with carnage ; Herkimer has dropped  
But still directs the furious conflict propped  
Against a friendly stem ; a flashing wakes  
Fiercer and redder, a loud tumult breaks  
Grander and sterner than the deadly scene,  
The battle of the skies ! its mightier mien  
Of loftier anger checks the lesser strife,  
But as it marches off, the fight for life  
Rages anew with fiercer, wilder burst,  
For now the Royal Greens, friends, neighbors erst  
Yea brothers of their foes, have joined the fight  
And Havoc greets them with renewed delight.  
Here, the clubbed rifle, there, the thrusting spear  
And plunging knife ; Cox, Paris fall ! career  
The steeds of slaughter through that awful dell  
Till baffled, beaten, the cowed redskins swell  
Their shrill retreating cries, and quick the form  
Of battle strides away, as strode the storm  
From the red dell ; down, quiet settles sweet ;  
The bobolink gurgles, and the yellow feet  
Of the checked partridge print the neighboring scene,  
But Nature to itself consigns the dread ravine.

During the sky's fierce onslaught, at the Fort  
A whirlpool raged of strife ; the sallyport  
Sent Willett forth to Johnson's camp at hand,  
And drove him headlong ; evening's air-breaths fanned

The *Sylvan* Fort in its renewed repose,  
While night closed sad on its disheartened foes.

Down to Fort Edward, now Burgoyne has passed.  
Want gnaws his forces; his red allies fast  
Forsake his darkening path; but full supplies  
At Bennington are stored, war's welcome prize  
Of food and steeds. Hoosic's green landscapes sound  
With Baum's approach; its rustic roads are ground  
With cannon-wheels; the red-coat grenadier  
And green chasseur trudge on, the promised cheer  
Brightening their brows; but lion-hearted STARK  
Stands with his rural ranks before the mark.

A picturesque, rude church its little bell  
Tinkles one sabbath morn; wild hills up swell  
About a hamlet with its palisade.  
Meadows of grass stretch out and fields arrayed  
In ripening grain; bold Parson Allen mounts  
The rustic pulpit, and with fire recounts  
How boastful, vain Burgoyne has hither sent  
Baum's fierce dragoons on schemes of plunder bent.  
"Rouse men of Berkshire, I will lead you! meet  
"The red-coat foe!" all spring upon their feet:  
The hunter leaves, within the hamlet-square,  
The frowning carcass of the sable bear;  
The trapper slings his traps upon his back;  
The settler cuts his latch-string; to his stack  
The farmer ropes his ox; the sawmill sings  
No longer to its dam; the slider brings  
No more the prone log to the severing saw;  
The steed stamps idly the locked stable's straw;  
The miller brushes from his coat the meal,  
And his white rafters hear no more the wheel;

All flock, with Parson Allen at their head,  
Down the wild hills; the heavens their torrents shed,  
But on they stream to where with his platoons,  
Stark waits the coming of the Baum dragoons.

For days along the dim and rainy scene  
Had glimpsed the red-coat host; but now serene  
Glitters the summer day; Walloomsac's banks  
View in their rude array the patriot ranks.  
Stark mounts the meadow fence; "see men," says he,  
"The red coats! ours by sundown they must be  
Or Molly Stark's a widow!" words that claim,  
Though quaint, the tongue of everliving Fame.  
The golden quiet of the afternoon,  
The forests sleeping and the fields in tune,  
Is broken by the battle; twice the throat  
Of War roars forth its fierce and fiendish note;  
In vain the Hessian battery hurls its death!  
Up climbs the foe albeit no blasting breath  
Of canon aids them; up, still up! they sweep  
The Tory ranks away; like panthers leap  
Over the breast work; vain the weighty sword  
Of the chasseur! as sunset's gold is poured  
Along the scene the Hoosic woods ring out  
Freedom's great thunder-voice, her grand victorious shout.

On glide the days; the Lion Banner droops  
Over Fort Edward's walls. Burgoyne still stoops  
His ear for Clinton's hoped approach; instead  
Oriskany and Bennington with dread  
Seize on his heart and paralyze his strength;  
And thus time drags along its lazy length,  
The chasseur sees the leafy Deadman's Point  
Drowsing in noon's hot haze; the dews annoint



The Balm of Gilead at the water-gate  
That lately reared its green and three-trunked state,  
With honey dew for bees whose murmurings fill  
The drummer boy with sleep ; on Jennie's Hill  
Beside the rustic breastwork overgrown  
With brambles by rich, ripening raspberries strown,  
The hunter pauses with his hound to look  
Down in the Fort ; within some shady nook  
He sees the grenadier in coarse, red cap  
Playing with dice ; upon some grassy lap  
The green-garbed Hessian mends his spatterdash,  
The Sergeant crooks his chevron, and his sash  
The ensign twines ; all speak of peaceful day ;  
And as the limping partridge lures away  
The hunter from her brood, on Panther Hill  
He meets the trapper who, with hearty will  
Says Schuyler calls all patriots to his side,  
And toward Cohoes both speed with willing stride.

On Rogers' Island, lazy red-coats stray  
Among its shades to pass the summer day ;  
Or seek the Griffin House where cattle browse  
In stumpy pastures, for a night's carouse ;  
Tramp the Old Lumber Road where, on its creek  
The ruined saw-mill yields no more its click ;  
Where blackened shingles and prone logs stripped nude  
And broken stone-boats, all around are strewed ;  
Or wander the Old Military Road,  
Where stares for hours the unmolested toad ;  
Wade through the marsh to gather Indian plumes,  
Or seek the Foot-path full of chequered glooms ;  
Hang on the wreck of Bagley's Bridge athwart  
Fort Edward's creek, whose pools are the resort

Of poisoning trout ; or, Black Tom roping slow,  
Cross McCrea's ferry in his rough batteau.

Others along the Ritchfield Plains would wend,  
Between Forts Anne and Edward, at the bend  
Of Hudson's bed where the Great Carrying Place  
Began, and the batteau its poling pace  
Ceased for the wagon's jolt whose canvas cave  
Was piled with rustic goods and blankets brave  
For settler and for savage, or jerked slow  
O'er stony roads, with swinging pail below  
And trotting dog, its four great steeds with stalk  
Statelily, and shrill bells jangling in their walk ;  
Pausing at roofs where buyers could be found,  
And stores with shelves of cloths and dangling round  
With bacon, loaves, whips, lanterns, in dim nooks  
Hogsheads and barrels, and with blinking looks  
Ranges of cutlery, and bringing up  
By night, at small, rough, wayside Inns, to sup  
And lodge, then on, repeating day by day  
The life ; o'er these smooth Plains they oft would stray  
Sheeny with flowers, where roads all courses led,  
Vocal with frogs from swamps at each side spread  
Or rolled in dells and knolls of pine-trees tanned  
With their brown fringe, and veined with silver sand ;  
Or in some dimpling dingle would they rest  
Playing at cards upon a prone tree's breast  
Pearled with white lichen, rough with glossy spines  
Crimsoned with moss or fringed with fairy pines.  
The striped ground squirrel cantered by their side  
Brush lifted like a gun ; the wood chuck tried  
To leave his den but shrank back as they looked ;  
And the rare black fox from his burrow crooked ;  
The quail gazed at them, and a movement quick

Betrayed the bell-owl in his covert thick  
Wakened from sleep ; the breezes flitting brief  
Would plant white stars on every wavering leaf ;  
The flying squirrel, bird and brute combined,  
Would shoot askance, until the arbors twined,  
Thickened in evening's shades of India ink  
And from the skies the silver stars would wink.

Beneath a bridge above some shrunken stream  
Where bent the arch, or stretched the web-like beam,  
On the ridged earth they oft would crouch and hear  
The frog's hoarse bellow echoing on their ear  
Like a far gun-roar ; cool the shadows lay  
With here and there the gold dart of a ray  
From chink and knot-hole ; on the bits of sod  
Stood spears of grass and tufts of golden rod ;  
And, now and then, a robin would look in  
And chirp to see the scarlet colors win  
Gleams from the dusk ; below, the waters dark  
Shone like gilt ebony, or shot a spark  
Bright as a toad's eye ; cool and sweetly damp  
The sheltered spot until they sought the camp.

Or in some gravel-pit where bushes clung,  
And merry music from the insects rung,  
On the warm gravel they their length would lay  
Helmet cast down and musket laid away,  
And think how sweetly they could slumber here  
With naught but crickets chirping to their ear  
Instead of reveille and quick tattoo  
Or march to time their tread, and naught to view  
But moonlight stepping on her tender feet  
Straying around as if their eye to greet  
Free from the tent's close folds ; till glowing red  
On the pit's rim would tell that day had fled.

Or by some half-full brook with pebbly isles  
And broken banks where blue the aster smiles,  
And the rich sunflower lifts its golden star,  
With here and there mossed rock and sandy bar  
And sparkling water-breaks like little lutes  
That match the bluebird's and the robin's flutes;  
They watch the snipe that leaves its tiny prints  
On the soft margin, and the velvet tints  
Of the brown rushes as the heron gray  
Struts tall among them, and the silver play  
Of light on the wet sands where pictures shine,  
As in a looking-glass, of wreathing vine  
And feathery foliage fringed along the edge,  
And bayonet pointing reed and dirk-like sedge  
Mingled with moosehead hues, till, sunset gilds  
The towering turrets that Day, leaving, builds,  
And, the breeze clinging, fluttering, to their ears,  
Upon their winding trail the camp appears.

Or by some fractured stump they oft' would pause  
To mark the life and tints, the clefts and flaws  
Of that small world; the moss shows golden blots;  
The lichen, scalloped scales; in little grotts,  
Dart in and out black beetles; busily knots  
The spider his white hammock over chinks;  
And sinking, falling, in quick, loosening links  
Twitch the gray gnats; in its cracked ebony  
The hollow where the camp-fire whirlingly  
Dropped its live embers, soft and cindery  
Shows its charred opening; there, the bumble-bee  
Furls his white murmurous mist, and finds his gold  
Tarnished with black; thus, on the time is rolled  
In careless pleasure, till the loud tattoo,  
Rattling among the trees, tells idling through.

Changing the scene, Burgoyne his camp would trace  
Round the Red House at the Great Carrying Place;  
There when the sun is bright, the sentry sees  
Madame Riedesel dining under trees.  
As the chasseur beholds her gliding round  
Off flies his bear-skin helmet, to the ground.  
His carbine slides; the bronze-browed grenadier  
Lifts his red cap and smiles with honest cheer,  
For the glad vintage of the father land  
Lives in her presence; through its mountains great  
Winds the loved Rhine; the forests melt away,  
Cot, wife and children smile; all shines one happy day.

Now like a sun blot in the circling camp  
Her sandled specks the lumbering yager's stamp;  
In the rain-rumbling barn, now, round rough boards  
Sitting, with spades by plumes and scythes by swords;  
Under the loft stuffed full of fragrant hay  
Where the mustachioed weasel prowls for prey;  
Where pronged the pitchfork, the strawcutter showered  
Its glittering dots, and the wheelbarrow cowered  
With the grey grindstone, and the resting plow  
By the tall ladder leading to the mow  
Rustling with insects like a trickling brook;  
And the ash-barrel rounded from the nook.

Burgoyne too, often, brings his epaulets  
In the dusk barn when rain the landscape wets;  
His scarlet coat upon the straw would gleam;  
His snowy plumes beneath the rafters stream;  
And when he left it seemed as if the place  
Relapsing dim had lost a gliding grace.

Still restless, he Fort Miller's walls would seek  
Where at the spreading ford, the rapids wreak

Their foam on sloping rocks; their ceaseless tongue  
Soothed his vexed ear, and when rich film was flung  
By the soft south wind upon the mellow air,  
His glittering greenduke bait would dimple where  
The whirling pebble-stones of Bloody Run  
Had scooped deep pools; his fowling piece would stun  
Some cedar cavern where the quail had sought  
Refuge; or he would rouse his tuneful thought  
To poesy amid the glorious scenes  
Of forest gorges, dingles and ravines;  
Or, with pleased smile would watch the timid doe  
Hiding her fawn too young to flee, as slow  
He trod some grassy aisle; or as his hound  
Treed the scared partridge, echo would rebound  
To his loud shout, while the poor brindled thing  
Too faint with fright to spread delivering wing  
Would cower among the leaves; and thus the hours  
On led his steps through mingled thorns and flowers.

As sunset glows, up Horican's pure tides,  
A battery-corps of Phillips slowly glides  
In large batteaux; as ripple their fronts along,  
The boatmen wake the echoes with the song  
Of their wild, frontier life; the mounted brass  
In the low light gleams golden; black the mass  
Of shade from point and curve of bank; the lake  
Reflects the scarlet coats; the pennons shake  
In the light puffs of air; they pass Burnt Camp  
As the first breeze of sunset winnows damp;  
Then Bosom Bay allures their wandering eyes  
In the rich coloring of the western skies;  
Sabbath Day Point in streaks of brilliance glows  
And its black picture paints the Lake's repose;  
By the bold grandeur of famed Rogers' Slide

Shining in varied tinge, they sluggish glide;  
Past Prisoner's Island rich in sunset-stains;  
Juniper Island now their pathway gains;  
Past green Slim Point; Bluff Point is now before;  
Buck Mountain rears its crest along the shore;  
Sugar Loaf Mountain glows in tender red;  
On Battery Island, softest tints are spread;  
Over the water breathes the birch's scent  
The mint's and pine's in balmiest fragrance blent;  
The golden beauty of the evening lies  
Round like a blessing; the flotilla plies  
Up past Tongue Mountain where the wood-duck oars  
Her flight of terror, and her ducklings shores;  
The heavy battery-wheels, stout traces, chains,  
Thick massive collars, tough but pliant reins,  
Large saddles studded with big nails of brass,  
And stalwart, stamping steeds, all upward pass.  
Balls are coned round; great powder-bags and swabs  
Lean in the nooks of trunnions and of knobs,  
With rammers; men stand, sit, at full length lie;  
They shout and whistle, gaze on earth and sky,  
Wrestle in sport and fisticuff in joke,  
Their limbs they dangle, and their pipes they smoke,  
Rehearse old war-scenes, fondly hope for new,  
Discuss commanders, pass in swift review  
The late events, and laugh derisively  
At such rude rustics fancying to be free.  
Darker and darker grow the spreading shades,  
Till twilight's glamor the wide scene pervades.  
The sparkling isles all round them looked confused,  
And the whole scene in lonely silence mused.  
Heaves Shelving Rock in front; they pass it now  
The jeweled Dipper beaming on its brow.  
They mark the lovely tints of evening play

On the calm surface of Ganouskie Bay ;  
And now Dome Island in mid sight appears,  
And toward it each bateau, loud rippling, steers  
Here lies the goal until the morning sheen  
And soon the camp-fires glitter on the scene.  
Large as a cannon-wheel, the rosy moon  
Rises ; the Lake begins its nightly croon,  
Ripple on bank, rustle of circling leaves,  
All the soft sounds that summer silence weaves,  
Some wakeful bird's note, the loon's startling whoop,  
The myriad, differing cadence in one group  
Filling the ear. Morn dawns in gorgeous tints ;  
The flashing deep the rude flotilla prints ;  
Soon Diamond Island's glossy shade is spread  
Upon the water's gemmy gold and red ;  
Next, close adjoining, sits Long Island green  
With leafy beauty, rich in dewy sheen ;  
On the batteaux ; Phelps's Bay, upon the east,  
Yields to their gazing sight a dazzling feast ;  
Along the west, they pass the Rattlesnake  
Lifting its crest above the glittering Lake,  
Where the glad lustre twines its golden wreath  
Upon the trees in the ravine beneath ;  
Artillery Cove, with its one cedar isle,  
Sends o'er the sparkling flood, its sylvan smile ;  
And now the ramparts of a ruined Fort  
Rise on the shore, and there, they all resort.  
They haul their cannon and they hoist their stores ;  
They scale cracked walls and traverse broken floors,  
Planting their loads ; Fort George, that late was mute  
In forest silence, save the wavelet's flute,  
The bobolink's bugle, robin's flageolet,  
And frog's bassoon, now buzzed with rush and fret  
Of busy life ; and there, for many days



Horican viewed the scarlet banner blaze ;  
Till the rough road that linked Fort Edward, saw  
Thither the train its jolting progress draw.  
Along the base of wild French Mountain, slow  
They plunge and crunch ; its summit shines aglow  
With sheen, but shaded winds the road ; beyond  
They cross the stream of neighboring Long Pond ;  
Still on they jolt ; they pass the old stockade  
Of the French War ; at night their bivouac made  
Within Fort Amherst, at the Half-Way Brook.  
And when morn glowed, again their pathway took  
Along the forests chirping either side,  
Until they hailed the Fort at eventide.

Meanwhile, the tidings of Oriskany  
And Bennington careered ; and glad and free  
Hope spread white pinions ; throngs to Schuyler pour  
Swelling his ranks, all abject terror o'er.  
Poor Jennie's mournful doom had roused an ire  
Wrapping the region with consuming fire.  
The boy strode downward in his rustic sleeves,  
His coarse frock fragrant with the wheaten sheaves ;  
The brassy buttoned, blue, artillery coat  
Trod by the hunting-shirt from wilds remote ;  
The scythe, sword-handled, met the king's arm red  
In rust ; the plumed cap touched the shaggy head ;  
Hid away hamlets, far away farms sent out  
Their patriot throngs ; the hunter's startling shout  
No longer checked the flying deer ; at dusk  
The fireflies saw the trap whose snaring musk  
Allured the mink, snap on its gasping prey  
With no rough hand to bear the fur away ;  
Unseen by prying eyes the otter slid  
Down the smooth bank and in the streamlet hid ;

From grassy hamlets and from forests wide,  
From lakes like oceans, and from river-tide,  
From streaks of fresh-blazed trees where sable-lines  
Ran leagues, from watery dungeon-nooks where shines  
The Indian Plume's rich torch; where slender reeds  
Point by the cabin, bright in pickerel-weeds,  
From the green cross road soft with school-house hum,  
From tumbling milldams, and from dingles dumb  
Save to the whistling bird; from all points, came  
High patriot hearts, shrines bright in freedom's flame,  
Crowding the camp where Schuyler, lingering, lay,  
His strength increasing each succeeding day.  
As when the spring tide brings the roaring rains  
And the swollen Mohawk from its winter chains  
Dashes in fury down the broad Cohoes  
And wakes the forests from their calm repose,  
So came the living torrents to the scene  
Where Freedom's banner shone in beckoning sheen.

Back to Fort Stanwix. As Time onward stepped,  
Closer St. Leger's threatening parallels crept.  
In the near meadow at the Scalping Tree,  
The patriot saw the red-skin in his glee  
Wield the keen knife in token of the hour  
When his hot head would feel its horrid power.  
Oft did he see too in the evening glow  
St. Leger's swarthy face and huge chapeau  
By the wild, painted Brant, or Johnson bluff,  
As he surveyed the Fort that in its rough  
Half finished form still showed defiant teeth  
At the thronged foe its sylvan walls beneath.

At last a night of scowling tempest saw  
Willett and Stockwell from the fortress draw

Their snaky lengths through slumbering foes; they grope  
Through the black wilds until their blinding scope  
Is kindled by the sun; then on they steer,  
The brook and blackberry their only cheer,  
Till down the valley on their flying steeds  
They Schuyler seek; their summons warm he heeds;  
And Arnold tracks Fort Dayton's valley-trail  
And sends on Hon Yost with his cunning tale.

Along the Fort's rough road that led to where  
Fort Stanwix stood, a man with slouching air  
And wandering glance moved swift on ponderous feet;  
The noontide sunbeams in his pathway beat  
A thread-like trail that through the forest wound  
And scarce mid thickets faint existence found.  
Now the trail vanished in some windfall vast;  
And now he vaulted o'er the pine tree cast  
By the tornado, rearing frequent bulk;  
Now waded some slow stream with snaky skulk  
Oozing through rotten mould till one loose bog  
Wallowed about; his large splay foot would clog,  
And stumble o'er the blind and sketchy trail  
Touching along; 'twas Hon Yost with his tale  
Apt to his tongue to tell the savage foe  
Of Arnold striking his o'erwhelming blow.

About the Scalping Tree, the red skins form  
In solemn council; the debate is warm—  
After wise Hah-wen-ne-yo's aid was sought—  
Whether to leave at once the war-path fraught  
With such dire evil as Oriskany,  
Or follow still the King, their Father; free  
Flows their fierce, guttural talk; their minds in doubt  
Waver; a figure at a warning shout  
Bursts on their rows; 'tis Hon Yost! "red men fly!

The white man comes to slay ! his hosts are nigh  
Thick as the leaves ! " he shouts ; they start, recoil ;  
The Council breaks ; they flee in wild turmoil ;  
In vain St. Leger hurls his wrath, and storms  
The furious Johnson ; quick retreating forms  
Fill all the portage toward Wood Creek ; and soon  
The golden quiet of the afternoon  
Steeps the wide landscape ; field and stream and tree  
Restored once more to soft tranquillity.

All round the sylvan Fort as sunset shone  
Settled the forest stillness, and alone,  
Instead of wild, fierce prowling forms, it sees  
The steadfast columns of the peaceful trees :  
Instead of flitting red-coats gleaming rich  
In the gold rays from battery, wall and niche  
Of breastwork, it beholds the sweep of leaves  
Gorgeous in all the pomp that sun-down weaves.  
Left even the bombardier in slumber cast,  
And the hung kettles for the eve's repast.  
The low light bathes the empty meadows spread  
Along the Mohawk, trampled with the tread  
So late of foes ; as silver twilight falls,  
And umber thickens on the forest walls  
The landscape hears, instead of sounds that fright,  
The murmured music of the quiet night.

As here scenes change, in Schuyler's island-camp  
At the famed Sprouts, Night hangs her diamond lamp,  
Day his nectarean dome ; it sees the fall  
Of dark Cohoes ; watches the drowsy crawl  
Of the batteau up Mohawk's branching blue,  
The noseless periagua, the canoe  
With paddle-foot, for De-o-wain-sta's belt

Where the sweet valley-river's sources melt  
In spongy mosses and in bubbly ooze,  
Until all trace the lurking trickles lose.

Upon the rocky isle, like wintry drifts  
Tents ridge the scene; a zigzag breastwork lifts  
Now, the flat shore; a loop-holed curtain, now,  
Joins bastions; a bomb-battery rears its brow  
Betwixt low rocks; embrasures skirt the scene;  
War darkening frowns in nature's smiling green.  
Here Gates, the reins of battle's crouching steeds  
Seizing from Schuyler's guiding grasp, succeeds  
To that wise hero's post within the car  
Whose wheels still wait on fortune's fickle star.

Fronting, in whirling, flashing, plunging shocks,  
Cohoes comes dashing down its bridling rocks;—  
Comes like a warrior whooping on his path,  
His hatchet glittering in his tameless wrath.  
Thence the broad Mohawk, dark in eddying flow,  
Steals to the Hudson's broader wave below.  
In the calm, wrinkling flood, the patriot-camp  
Stands on its island, one of four that cramp  
The waters to the Sprouts that, smiling, bring  
Their crystal jewels to the River-King.

Now their adieu, the days of Summer bid,  
And cool September brings her catydid.  
Gates, roused to action, takes his upward way  
To meet Burgoyne who, waked from his delay,  
Is marching downward, with his earthward ear  
Keen sharpened, Clinton's hoped-for tread to hear.  
The forests glint with patriot steel; the air  
Echoes and glitters with the stamp and glare

Of foot and weapon ; dead leaves turn to mire  
At trampling feet ; the air, one sounding lyre  
Of fife and drum ; the old oak's leafy speech  
Says " on " not " back ; " the compass of the beech  
By its moss-hands points north ; the hemlock thinned  
With austral blasts says " up ; " the maple skinned  
By the lodged fir, creaks " come ; " and glad the ranks  
Obedient track the Hudson's upward banks.

His fife within his hand, the fifer-lad  
Tramped on ; the baggage-driver whirled his gad ;  
The cannonier, beside his gleaming gun,  
His crunching, pounding, plunging pathway won ;  
Vaulting the prostrate log, the snare-loosed drum  
Jarred by the bound, gave out a sullen hum ;  
The king's arm clanked upon the buckle ; rang  
The sword against the rock ; with bell-like clang  
The brass-plate of some plumed cap struck a branch  
Drooped low ; the steel-tipped flagstaff, flashing launch  
Made to the arch the weeping elm o'erhung,  
While in some gust the dangling bugle sung.  
The rifleman's red hunting-shirt yields fringe  
To the thorn's clutch ; the mould's black, smirchings tinge  
Laced leggings ; farm-boys in their butternut,  
Find how the sedges like keen knives can cut ;  
And soaked boots rumble as they toiling tread  
The deep morass with yielding mosses spread.  
They trace the deer-path round the swamp and seize  
The meaning of the blaze-hacks on the trees  
Traced by the trapper for his figure-four,  
Or dead-fall with its death-pole slanting o'er  
Couched in the bush ; even guided by the scent  
Of the pierced bait for its furred prey, they went.  
But fronting heights now meet the wandering eye

Where river-flats in meadowy smoothness lie  
 In crescent green; the army halts, and day  
 By day, the spot assumes war's stern array.  
 Breastworks crown knolls; and point the bristling spears  
 Of sharp abatis; now, a wall careers  
 Over some marsh; and an embrasure, now,  
 Runs through a panther-lair; the hillock's brow  
 Bears the strong battery; while in ranks of snow  
 The tents their many lanes and alleys show.

Thy skill, oh! noble Kosciusko! wakes  
 These warlike-looks! thy peerless genius breaks  
 Over this scene in wily webs that sent  
 Freedom's brave sons to strife; so subtly blent,  
 So closely hidden, with such caution traced  
 That the foe knew not where they lurked, till placed  
 In contract by surrender, and thus made  
 To fight but with an enemy arrayed  
 In battle-order; gladly History keeps  
 Enshrined thy name, while proud her bosom leaps  
 O'er thy bright fate, to fall in conflict grand  
 Oh! hero, patriot, for thy fatherland.

Flashes of steel and frequent spots of red  
 Through the dense foliage o'er the landscape spread  
 Tell of the Foe; His downward step is stayed,  
 And here at last He draws his battle-blade.

Upon thy heights, oh! Bemis! let us stand  
 And view the landscape beautiful and grand.  
 Northwest, in hue that robes the heather-bell,  
 The velvet tops of Horican upswell.  
 Downy in distance, sheeny in the sun,  
 East, domed in blue, the height of Bennington,

Where likewise those grand peaks, in glimmerings blent,  
Show the Green Mountains, Freedom's battlement.  
That rounded summit, too, in purple drest  
Proclaims where Willard's Mountain rears its crest.  
South, the soft range that gray the horizon breaks  
Tells where its way the Hudson Valley takes;  
While west, the hills of Saratoga belt  
The raptured eyesight, and in azure melt.

Oh! War, thou frightful fiend, from thy red deep  
Why dost thou spring, dread carnival to keep!  
Hast thou not spoiled this earth enough, that thou  
Must still unveil the terrors of thy brow?  
Wreathed roses scent the summer air to-day,  
To morrow stoops the raven to his prey;  
At morn, the sun on life sheds gladdening boon,  
At night, looks down on death, the sorrowing moon.  
Nature abhors thee; on the battle-field  
She hastes her healing, eager aid to yield.  
On bony fragments twines the peaceful flower;  
O'er sword and musket bends the grassy bower;  
Where wheeled platoons and deadly volleys rolled,  
The kinebell chimes, the plowshare curls the mould;  
In the burst bomb-shell rounds the robin's nest;  
Where bullets struck, the fern waves feathery crest;  
But still red Battle wields his scorpion scourge  
And their fierce, maddened flight his fearful coursers urge.

And yet, thy presence casts one smiling ray  
When Patriot Valor piles thy slaughtering way.  
In fire divine, thy altar stands arrayed  
When fatherland calls man to draw his blade.  
Fragrant breathes War's fierce gory blossoms then;  
A sacred light bathes mountain, field and glen;



And memory bends a mourner o'er the grave  
Where man has died his native soil to save.

And thus, oh Bemis, on thy leafy heights  
Did Freedom strive to guard her heavenly rights!  
Her voice the torrent and her arm the pine  
Dashing and swinging and man's heart her shrine.

And so on that September morn, the hosts  
Met in fierce grapple; Poesy that boasts  
Celestial birth! not thine the laurel torn  
From hideous Battle, but the bay leaf born  
From lovely Peace! thy song is not the clank  
Sounding, rebounding from the serried rank;  
Thy glance resides not in the cannon's flash;  
Thou shudderest at the conflict's thunderous crash;  
Haste to thy sylvan haunt, to thy green home!  
Let not thy fairy, flowery sandal roam  
To scenes of war! there, shines heaven's delicate blue;  
The robin's warbling greets the sunset dew;  
The stream's soft silver glides in sunny dells;  
Thy soul-bright eye on naught but beauty dwells;  
Yet, though thou shrinkest, patriot voices call;  
The trumpet's clangors must not all appal!  
Loved country beckons thee thy haunt to leave  
For scenes that fire the spirit while they grieve.  
Come then on tiptoe, glowing yet aghast,  
Thy wild locks streaming on the battle-blast,  
Thy form recoiling even while pressing on,  
Thy soft eye glittering though thy cheek be wan;  
Strip the gold strings of music from thy lyre,  
And break its graceful frame with iron wire  
Flinging fierce flashes like the musket's own;  
Ringing stern crashes like the cannon's tone;

Sing how brave Arnold dared death's fiercest frown,  
And Morgan's rifle won a new renown;  
How Poor and Scammel dipped their swords in red;  
Cilley and Learned marked their path with dread;  
How Phillips thundered, Ackland faced the foe;  
Riedesel sallied, Fraser showered his blow;  
Ranks withered, sunk platoons; on Havoc ploughed;  
Live streaks of fire shot arrowy through the cloud;  
The bayonet glittered, gleamed the frequent sword;  
The musket rattled and the cannon roared;  
The Heights like Sinai spoke with glare and peal,  
Battle the Moses and the tablets steel;  
And long as Fame her pen of power shall hold,  
Thy earth, oh Bemis! shall be changed to gold!  
Piled to a pyramid, Time's sunset beam,  
In living lustre, there, shall lingering stream;  
Thy name be sculptured in eternal rock  
And told among the beats of Time's unceasing clock.

The night sinks down, but sparkles red betray  
Where tireless arms still carry on the fray.  
Cap-plate and match-box in the battle-flame  
Tho foes respective, breast to breast, proclaim,  
Till Carnage ceases from his crimson tread,  
And the drear scene but holds the dying and the dead.

The Patriot Chieftain, wakeful, dreads the light,  
Lest the fierce Lion should renew the fight.  
The sable grains where lurk death's lightnings, naught;  
Ah! with what danger Freedom's life is fraught!

Burgoyne too, wakeful, stoops once more his ear;  
Ah! loitering Howe! thy succor! is it near!  
On torturing waves his struggling heart is tost;  
A conflict like the last, and all is lost.

The morning dawns; the Lion from the scene  
Hath sought his lair within the walled ravine  
And height embattled; sylvan Freeman's Farm —  
That late resounded with wild war's alarm;  
Where dashed the battle in its swinging flow,  
Like grappling billows rolling to and fro;  
Or a majestic pendulum is urged;  
Where the red ranks and where the patriot surged;  
Where gallant Jones, his scarlet coat aglow  
With redder hues, hurled thunders on the foe,  
And died at last beside his cannon hot  
With their live lightnings; — ah that sylvan spot  
How dire the scenes it knew — shines fresh and bright,  
With Nature smiling in the morn's delight.  
Unscared, the meadow-lark soars warbling up  
As the dew domes the aster's starry cup;  
The robin pipes his clarionet and blinks  
At the round button like an eye that winks  
On the prone red coat; while the squirrel eyes  
The prostrate garb of home-spun, its dull dyes  
Like the brown store he gathered for his cave;  
From his leaf-hammock with his sable glaive  
To pierce the flower, the bee drones on his way  
His silver bag-pipe misty with its play;  
All speak of peace, the living and the dead;  
And thus the hours speed on with golden tread.

Days roll along; the patriot picket sees  
The red platoons rich glimpsing through the trees.  
The grenadier surveys the rustic foe  
Pitching the quoit, or drilling to and fro  
The new recruits; the nightly watch-fires glance  
Upon the Indian's circling, stamping dance  
To the bowl-drum's dull beat; the hut of boughs

Wreathed by the patriot farm-boy from where browse  
The cattle in the barn-yard, views him fit  
The handle of the hoe within a bit  
Of sharpened steel, and lo! a spear to pierce  
The cannonie when up he gallops fierce  
To hurl his bolts; the drummer-boy that wore  
His drum until its skin the bullet tore  
Turns it into a cage to prison there  
The captured squirrel; near, with patient care  
Some rustic makes the scythe into a sword,  
Perchance to strike, when battle's torrents poured,  
The grand Burgoyne himself, as hand to hand  
Sickle to bayonet, pitchfork warding brand,  
Whirls the blind chaos; arms that wield the flail,  
Heap up the cider-press and build the rail  
Strike deep; and thus September goes, her breath  
Dimming the greenery, like day's twilight death  
Filming the landscape, and October comes.  
The pine sighs Summer's dirge; the hemlock hums  
Its winter prophecy; Burgoyne perceives  
The hectic crimson on the maple leaves  
And thinks how like his hopes their green was sign  
And now when evil fortune makes decline  
The red announces doom; then how the blue  
Unchanging cedar wore the fadeless hue  
Of smiling Freedom's hopes; the birch's gold  
His vanishing glory as a warrior told;  
The oak's rich purple, of the gore that stained  
His path, and, oh despair! what, what remained!

At length he reared once more his wavering front  
To blindly dare the battle's fickle brunt.  
Again he dashes from his camp as breaks  
A long stayed cataract; Slaughter fiercely shakes

Anew his pinions. Poesy upsprings  
From the green dingle where the sunshine flings  
A gold black chequer, and in quiet she  
Couched in the blossom swung within the tree  
With bee and bird songs in her shell-like ears  
Building her fairy thoughts; and, shuddering, hears  
Again the shout of battle; slow her tread  
Toward the fierce scene where Carnage reigns in dread  
From where the dew condensed its sparkling swell  
In silver cupolas along the dell.  
Her soft eyes start, her golden hair again  
Streams like a sunlit torrent; jars the strain  
Her pearly lyre; black scowls the sulphury cloud  
Red with the streaks of death; War shouts aloud  
In fiendish glee; foes grapple; ranks melt; earth  
Shakes with the cannon-thunder; this thy mirth,  
Accursed Demon! oh ye beauteous trees,  
That rang so sweetly to the minstrel breeze!  
How your soft bark — the tricky beetle's home  
And all the murmurous wings whose twilight roam  
Turns air to music — by fierce, cruel balls  
Is tortured! as they strike, what glittering falls  
Of tiny shapes! what showers of rainbow leaves!  
But vain the sorrow! Battle, ceaseless, weaves  
His awful web; "on patriots! charge once more!"  
"Back, rebels!" reeks with red the forest floor!  
Five times a British gun is won and lost  
By Britain and by Freedom, and is tost  
By the war's wave to Freedom's hand at length; —  
Bold Cilley mounts and dedicates its strength  
To Freedom's cause, and hurls its thunders loud  
With red-coat charges on the red-coat crowd.  
Oh gorgeous Banner, rent but waving still!  
Oh Flag of ages! with what warrior will

Thy folds have shadowed realms! no craven arm  
Hath ever borne thee! fortune's smiling charm  
Hath made thee bright! ah, Lion Flag what now  
Darkens thy radiance! Freedom's glorious brow  
Blasts thee with splendor born of lightning spray  
Flashed by wild torrents, born of tameless blasts  
Whirling round chainless crags, of boundless skies  
Of endless woods, where freest mountains rise;  
Oh trophied Banner, doth thy Lion droop  
Yea shiver and shrink, yea, shiver and shrink and stoop  
Down toward the dust! on Flag! one struggle more!  
Think of thy glories! let the blood outpour!  
Strike, warriors strike! ah, Flag of high emprise!  
Bold Ackland falls! low noble Fraser lies!  
In vain, alas in vain, thy sons brave death!  
Faint is the strength and wailing is the breath  
Around thee now! but, facing still the foe,  
Thy tread is faltering, waxing weak thy blow!  
Facing the foe, not onward points thy track!  
Facing the foe, but reeling, reeling back!  
The Flag of Freedom follows! bright, with sun,  
Borne by TenBroeck, Poor, Glover, Livingston;  
Borne by brave Nixon, Learned, scorning dread;  
Fierce Arnold leading, Morgan in his tread;  
In vain, Burgoyne plants firm his step to stay,  
Ragged with balls! in vain, in vain, away.  
The chief is swept, whose watch-word was the boast  
"Britons retreat not," swept now by the host  
He scorned; our Banner, brightening as it goes,  
Careers o'er piles of dead, o'er struggling foes;  
Shout! Freedom shout! hurrah! on, on its path!  
On over breastwork, sharp abatis! wrath  
Glares from the Lion's eye! shout, Freedom, shout!  
On, Banner, on! the Lion turns in rout,

The boasting Lion! shout! hurrah! he flees!  
 Brave Breyman dies! triumphant Freedom sees  
 The Lion flying from the field! hurrah!  
 No grander sight, grand Freedom ever saw!  
 Waving her flag, she plants it on its throne,  
 Shout! rend the skies! hurrah! shout! victory is her own!

Again the morning, but no Lion's glare  
 Reddens the field; in sullen, dark despair  
 He crouches in his den upon the height;  
 While Freedom spends the day in songful, wild delight.

The wrathful sunset lights a sorrowing scene  
 In which a warrior train with mournful mien  
 Consigns the gallant Fraser to his rest  
 Within the "Great Redoubt," upon the crest  
 Of that mailed hill where stands Burgoyne to pay  
 Friendship's last tribute to the much-loved clay.  
 Hiss the fierce, patriot cannon-balls around  
 The grieving group, as rise in sacred sound  
 The funeral words; but changed at length to tolls  
 Of minute-guns whose solemn homage rolls  
 Over the twilight landscape darkening grave  
 In reverence, likewise, for the noble brave.

As the rain blinds the night, on Hudson's flow  
 A boat is tossing; valiant in her woe,  
 The tender Ackland seeks her wounded lord  
 Within the patriot-camp; the wild blast roared  
 O'er the black waves; though bitter rain-sheets chilled,  
 Feelings of heaven that throbbing bosom filled,  
 And soon her husband's suffering couch she gained,  
 Whose pangs she soothed and languor she sustained.

As the rain streams, Burgoyne his sullen tread  
Turns to the North; no hope remains; his head  
Bows low! and yet—if Horican's free wave  
Receives his conquered host, retreat might save  
Surrender—on! the Night weeps bitter tears,  
But on! this one sole hope, though glimmering, cheers  
His fainting spirit! on! the Lion stoops  
In the black air, but on! in straggling groups  
His tired and hungry ranks grope slow along;  
Oh! how unlike the gay and gladdening song  
Of their advance! "Britons retreat not!" now  
Shame clogs the step, dejection loads the brow;  
But on! the morning dawns! still on! the height  
Of Saratoga hails the pallid light  
Of closing eve, and here, at last, the weighed  
And weary step of poor Burgoyne is stayed.

Gates follows after; from the jeweled isles  
Of Horican; the stately rocky piles  
Of blue Luzerne, where the majestic crags  
Of Potash Kettle change the clouds to flags;  
Where the Green Mountain blasts to thunders call  
In stately challenge; foams the waterfall  
Of the Great Spirit; where expands the plain  
Of the rich "Healing Waters!" where in vain  
Centuries gnaw the buckler on the breast  
Of Wallace, and Tahawus scowls with crest  
Of scorn upon his vassal peaks; in throngs  
The patriots sally, fiery with their wrongs  
And hopeful of their rights, to Freedom's side  
Now marching forward with victorious stride.

Shrinking from ceaseless showers of patriot balls,  
Madame Riedesel, in those cellar walls



Hallowed by her grand heart, makes bright the gloom  
With fond devotion; at her touch, the bloom  
Of roses glows from ashes; suffering's bed  
Hears the sweet music of her gentle tread;  
She cools hot fever's brow, and with her smiles  
The weary hours of tossing pain beguiles.  
Thy horrors, War, are tinged with transient glow  
By souls like her's, one joy to myriad woe!

Within a ball-swept tent, Burgoyne sits now  
In counsel with despair upon his brow.  
Curtains of scowling blackness fold him round;  
Closed is the net, and he is firmly bound.  
Turns he toward Horican? the foe is there!  
East, Fellows' cannon-lightnings scorch the air;  
West, the live forest but his coming waits;  
And in his rear the frowning front of Gates.

At last wakes dallying Howe, and Hudson reels  
Under the upward rush of British keels.  
Many a brown hamlet on the river shore  
At British broadsides, finds its quiet o'er;  
And many a stately manor house withdrawn  
In its old groves, upon its shrubbery lawn,  
Feels the hot cannon-ball; — where roll the heights  
Of the wild Highlands, and in stately sights  
Nature rejoices, curving, now the Stream  
To seeming lakes, then narrowing till its gleam  
Is lost in blackness from the swelling breasts,  
At either hand, of the encroaching crests, —  
Standing like islands in an emerald sea,  
Frown stern, Forts Clinton and Montgomery.  
In vain they hurled their thunders, still in vain  
Reliance placed they on the massive chain

Linking the shores; the struggling Forts were swept,  
The chain was snapped, and up the vessels kept  
Their devastating way; — still on, still on!  
Their broadsides roaring while their torches shone,  
Round many a dwelling slumbering in its trees,  
Wakening to fires wild streaming on the breeze  
At midnight's helpless hour; at length in flames  
Grassy Esopus sees its rustic frames,  
But northern tidings tell that hope is vain,  
And Vaughan and Wallace seek Manhattan's spires again.

On Saratoga's height, Song's weary wing  
Now folds a space, her glances round to fling.  
From "Gravel Hill" gleams down upon her view  
Hudson's bright flood; that fragment of soft blue  
Tells the Green Mountains, and it smiles upon  
The scene of glad and glorious Bennington  
Upon the river bank rise dome-like hills;  
Downward a rich and varying landscape fills  
The gladdened eye; where sunset fires the skies,  
The dreamy peaks of Saratoga rise.  
Horican's mountains, like the purple down  
Of the ripe plum, the North horizon crown;  
Up, Battenkill yields Hudson's breast her charms  
Clasping a fairy daughter in her arms  
South, the sweet Fish Kill links, too, like a bride  
Her sparkling beauty with his lordly tide;  
Outspreads the space of erst Fort Hardy, nigh;  
And here Song fastens her exultant eye.

A pearly, creamy Indian summer day!  
Glorious the scenes October's tints display.  
Golden the birch, in red the maple glows,

A POEM.

Orange the beech, the oak its purple shows,  
While bits of rainbow, every jewel's hue  
Blossom and bird, and shell, seem draining through  
Upon the woodland mould, so rich and bright  
Thicket and herbage flash upon the sight.

On the Fort Hardy Green, this dainty day,  
The conquered hosts of England march, to lay  
Their weapons down; the hour has struck, and now  
With heavy footstep and with sullen brow,  
They come, but with no patriot eye to see,  
For nobly, Gates in generous sympathy  
Has vanished all within their tents; they come,  
Yet with no banner spread, no beating drum.  
Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping, rank on rank,  
Tramp, tramp, they come! tramp, tramping; hark, that clank,  
Those piling arms! clank, clank! that tolling knell  
To bowed Burgoyne! what bitter, bitter swell  
Of his proud heart! ah, sad Burgoyne! what death  
To thy high hopes, all vanished like a breath;

The second scene! stretched down the rustic road  
On two long patriot lines the sunlight glowed.  
Each musket shouldered, every flag unwreathed,  
Each cannon pointed, every sword unsheathed,  
A picture grand of flags and swords and guns,  
There stand the States in persons of their sons.  
Virginia's Morgan proudly there; erect  
New York's brave Livingston; in gladness decked,  
Learned of Massachusetts; Valiant Poor  
Of grand New Hampshire; oh, ye brave! secure  
In this your triumph! well might ye rejoice!  
Do ye not hear within your hearts the voice  
The trumpet voice of Freedom? hail all hail,

Ye heroes ! for your courage did not fail  
In trial ! but ye nobly strove and now  
The star of victory beams on every brow.

They come, the conquered hosts ! the grenadier,  
Whose veteran heart has never known a fear ;  
Bare his laced shoulder, bare of musket, worn  
To polish with its weight ; the Hessian, torn  
From his loved hamlet by the Rhine, to fight  
Uncaring in another's cause whose right  
He knew not ; mingling in his train, the bear  
The graceful deer, the furred raccoon, his care  
Has tamed ; and cowering in the midst, oh sight  
Of woe, ah saddening sight, that Flag of might  
That Lion Banner which had, conquering, climbed  
Abraham's proud Heights ! and with its folds sublimed  
By Wolf's grand death, had felt the dying sighs  
Of brave Montcalm — while streaming in the skies  
Blazoned in triumphs, bright in victory's burst  
The Stars and Stripes, unfurled now for the first —  
( Ah, glorious flag the symbol of the Free  
What heart so cold that does not warm to thee !  
Born in the throes of War, on land and sea  
What heart so high that does not bend to thee !  
Crimson with patriot blood, what caitiff knee  
In Freedom's realm that does not sink to thee ! )  
Waved, proudly, grandly, gloriously, waved  
Above the Lion, deeply now engraved  
By its first victory, with all hearts all round  
Thrilled in the blithe and rapid-tripping sound  
Of our loved air whose measure to our tongue  
Will cling while think the old and act the young.

As passed the conquered troops, from out the tent  
Of Gates whose hospitable folds had bent

O'er the two chiefs at meat, Burgoyne, in pride  
Of gold and scarlet, plumage streaming wide,  
And Gates, in plain, blue garb, appeared, surveyed  
The moving scene; the first then bared his blade  
And, bowing, gave it to the other's hand  
Who swift returned it with a gesture bland.

Off march the conquered hosts; the distant hills  
Hide them; again the wide encampment fills  
With patriot troops; sweet quiet reigns once more;  
And Saratoga's last, grand, glorious scene is o'er.

Up rose our sun from this great battle's height;  
Swift flew the clouds and all the sky was bright.  
Up soared our Eagle, onward she careered;  
Her wing cast radiance and her presence cheered.  
Wide flew our Eagle; France unsheathed her sword  
And sought our side; and Spain and Holland poured  
Their smiles upon us; wide our Eagle flew!  
Cowpens, Kings Mountain, saw glad Victory strew  
Her flowers beneath their tread; till Yorktown wreathed  
Our land with laurel; War his falchion sheathed;  
And Glory smiling on her WASHINGTON  
Led FREEDOM to her Throne; OUR HERITAGE WAS WON.

Hail, noblest WASHINGTON! thy soul sublime  
Towers with the loftiest from the earliest time  
Great Alexander trampled on a world,  
Yet to the cup, inglorious banner furled;  
Majestic Cæsar with the earth beneath  
Sought but to hide his baldness with his wreath;  
Bacon, whose thoughts were stars, his mind a sky,  
His rich, bright ermine stained with venal dye;

Marlborough, grand Achilles of the sword!  
Lived the mean slave to gold that he adored;  
Napoleon, pulse of prostrate Europe's heart,  
Shook with weak fear at Fortune's threatening dart;  
Alone, blent WASHINGTON all hues to white  
Harmonious radiance of transparent light;  
Stern, and yet meek, no change of fate disturbed;  
His a swift courage by slow caution curbed;  
In danger calm, ambitious but in good;  
In trial strong, temptations all withstood;  
In darkness, breaking out a cheering sun;  
No trouble bowed him and no pleasure won;  
Fixed in resolve, yet bending patient ear;  
In action prompt, in deep disdain of fear;  
He drew his sword when country asked his aid,  
And when need passed, serene returned the blade  
Hiding the wreaths the grateful nation twined  
Where green Mount Vernon all his joys enshrined.  
A rocky column he, shaft, brow and base,  
Of flowery sculpture, and Corinthian grace;  
A stalwart oak, with smiling tendrils wreathed;  
A pointed spear, in loving roses sheathed;  
A mountain, towering in its state aloft,  
Builded of granite, but with verdure soft;  
Holding alike the blossom and the pine,  
The storm cloud's shadow and the noontide's shine;  
Now, the bird warbling in the dell, and now,  
The eagle pealing from the craggy brow;  
Hail, patriot Chief, all hail! Historic Fame  
In purest gold, hath traced thy glorious name!  
Earth has Niagara, the sky its sun,  
And proud mankind its only WASHINGTON.



Hail, Saratoga, hail! the whole broad land  
 Should peal thy triumph in one pæan grand.  
 Nature yields homage; each recurring year  
 Honoring thy mighty deeds which rendered clear  
 The truth our nation should at last be free,  
 October shows its leafy blazonry.  
 For in our clime alone those gorgeous dyes  
 Vie with the splendor of its sunset skies.  
 All hail! may thy proud glories heavenward burn  
 Till to a cinder Time the sun shall turn.

And now our Banner! oft its hues it changed;  
 Through many varying shapes its aspect ranged;  
 The elm of Massachusetts and the oak  
 Of Carolina into being woke  
 The Tree of Liberty; (how strangely shows  
 This patriot union of such after foes!)  
 Till a new Constellation altered its blue;  
 And red and white their deep, striped colors drew;  
 Blue, red and white, like tints that quiver and reel  
 Over the velvet rich of red hot steel.  
 Wide streamed that Banner! as its folds flashed free  
 Auroral splendors flashed in sympathy;  
 Until the patriot saw the earthborn dyes  
 Reflected in the Standard of the Skies.  
 Oh, while those splendors beam upon the sight,  
 May that broad Banner glow in living light!  
 Oh, may its trophies wave in pomp sublime  
 Till melts the midnight of departing Time.

Loudly may laurelled Saratoga claim  
 A granite tribute to her splendid fame!  
 In the grand chariot which her warsteeds drew  
 She first placed Freedom, pointing to her view

The glorious goal. Shall pagan Egypt bid  
The heavens be cloven with her pyramid?  
Shall Greece shrine Phidias in her Parthenon  
To live till fades the stars and dies the sun?  
Rome with her mighty Coliseum whelm  
The earth with awe, a peerless wondrous realm?  
And our free nation meanly shrink to write  
With lasting finger in the whole world's sight  
Grand Saratoga's glory? sound aloud,  
Song thy wide trumpet! let the heavens be bowed  
With Love of Country's wrathful thunders, till  
A reverent people, with united will  
Shall bid the Monument in sculptured art  
Rise, Freedom's visible form, our Land's embodied heart.